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FRIENDSHIP

AND

OTHER POEMS



Bernhart Paul Holst



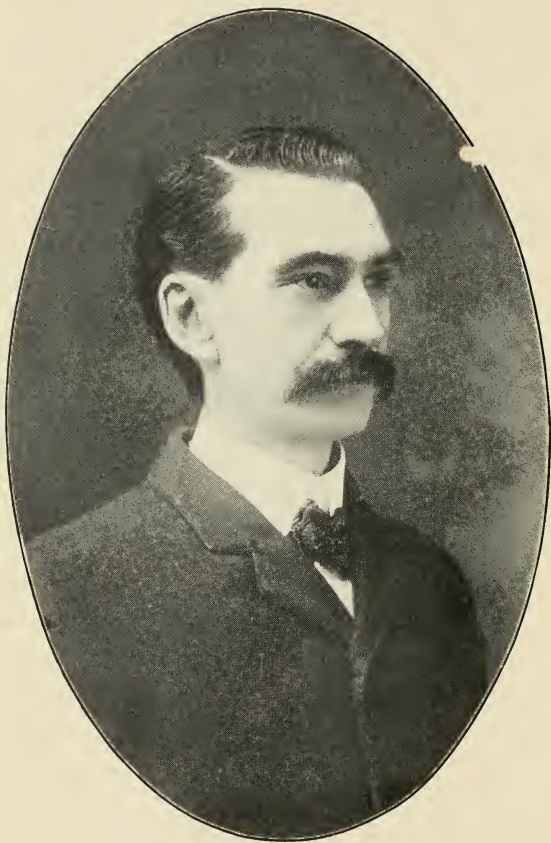


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BERNHART PAUL HOLST

POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP

LIFE, HOME, LOVE, RELIGION,
HUMOR AND OTHER POEMS

BY

BERNHART PAUL HOLST

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Instruction"

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No 1

PREFACE

THE contents of this book do not belong to any particular year or decade, but are selected from all my productions, beginning with about the age of eighteen years. Many of them were published in periodicals at the time they were written, and some were changed in form by publication in part. This is mentioned so it may be known that this volume contains the authentic form.

No one would presume to say that we are to assign definite hours in which to compose poetry or construct oratory, since these lines of human effort cannot be governed by definite rules. On the other hand, poetry is dependent upon inspiration. Having the faculty to produce, advantage must be taken of inspirations as they impress the mind.

The larger part of my writings in rhyme was produced while on trips of travel or when at home in my library. In the former I was impressed by the grandeur of nature as seen personally, and in the latter by the quiet and rest which I find in the work-room of my home.

To the class of productions which I wrote while on trips belong *The Falls of the Niagara*, *We Ought to Store a Treasure* and *Nightfall*.

To the class written at home under the inspiration of art and life, instead more specially of nature, belong the larger number of poems in this book. Of these *The Power of Love*, *The Linden Tree* and *The Wandering Jew* may be mentioned.

It has been my purpose to write along lines which, as treated in the different productions, will invigorate and elevate the soul. Any production which falls short of elevating and enlarging the mind falls short of true poetry. The poems mentioned above, though they do not stand alone in a class, illustrate the principle that poetry should aim to be elevating in its nature.

My professional and business associations have been more than ordinarily active, although the net result has been moderate—probably about the average of a human life which has environments similar to my own. The contents of this book were written at times of rest, or as change in occupation permitted, being influenced, of course, by the inspirations which then impressed me. With these few remarks I present this volume to the consideration of the public, trusting at least some of the sentiments expressed in it will find responsive hearts.

BERNHART PAUL HOLST.

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POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP

VALUE OF FRIENDS

Give me kind friends, true friends in need,
Who don no idle, winning wiles,
And who will be true friends, indeed,
If storms abound or fortune smiles.

I care not for lavish praises
That oft come from the vacant mind,
Nor the empty, studied phrases
Which leave the heart and soul behind.

True friends will more than press my hand,
And more than cheer in time of bliss,
And more than empty words extend
When multitudes grow cold and hiss.

Trustworthy friends will help and cheer,
Will make the timid spirit brave,
Will light the path, though dark and drear,
Which leads from sorrows to the grave.

Give me true friends and let me be
Throughout this life, from day to day,
As true to them, as they to me—
What pangs of anguish 'twould allay!

Our joys increase as friends increase—
They cause us more to love mankind,
And joy and gladness ne'er will cease,
If we ourselves in friendship bind.

THE HOUR GREW LATE

When last I called, the hour grew late,
And yet I tarried with you, dear,
'Tis but the beckoning of fate
That speeds the time when love is near!

Who, when he takes an evening ride,
In auto, chaise or carriage grand,
Will tire of pleasant countryside,
If breeze and flowers sweet fragrance lend?

And who, I pray, will measure time
When joy and gladness speed the hours?
Or who will back his steps incline,
If pathways bright are decked with flowers?

Sweet pleasures while the time away,
The hours speed on with rapid stride,
A lifetime passes as a day
Where two true hearts in love abide.

Then pardon me for staying late
And tarrying long with you, my dear,
'Tis but the beckoning of fate
That speeds the time when love is near!

FRIENDS

Should some one speak unkindly of your friend,
With earnest mien, you must his worth defend;
Though all the world should at your true friend chide,
Hold to his hand and stand close by his side—
For this we know: a true and trusty heart
Of happy life is an essential part.

Heaven will in its gentle kindness give
True friends to those who truly act and live,
But those that fail trustworthy friends to prize
At length are severed from these holy ties—
And finally, o'erwhelmed by doubt and fear,
Are borne by strangers on their rustic bier.

Should storms betide and all your fortune rend,
You still are rich if you possess a friend,
But if you win vast fortune and renown,
Or even wear a sceptered, kingly crown,
And have no friends, no trusty friends in need,
You still are poor, ah! very poor, indeed!

WHEN I AM DEAD

When I am dead, then come not thou
To shed vain tears where rests my brow,
Nor speak in praise, nor praises give
That illy fit me while I live;
When at my grave, just speak of me
As in this life I was to thee—
Think not I hide beneath the sod
One secret act or thought from God.

Let the sweet friendship of our youth
Be firmly bound by earnest truth,
And when thou'rt old—perhaps ere then—
I shall depart from haunts of men;
When I am dead and in the grave,
Think not this worthless dust to save—
Let it return to mother earth
That nourished me through life, from birth.

When I am dead, let soft winds blow,
Let brightest beams at morning glow,
Let noontide sun shine from on high,
At twilight let the plover cry;
Let moon and stars in stilly night
Give cheer to thee in beams of light—
Let all of nature cheer in strife
And think of death as part of life.

ABIDING FRIENDSHIP

We meet on the basis of friendship
And pledge our good wishes again,
The ties of affection unite us,
Oh, could it thus ever remain!

It cannot thus always continue—
As the cycles of years pass away
Our flowers will bloom and soon wither,
So let us enjoy them today.

So many glad people before us
Have lived and have passed from this scene,
We hold them in sweetest remembrance
And trust that their rest is serene.

So many glad people will follow
When this life we've pleasantly spent;
We hail and bespeak them the blessings
Which nature in kindness us lent.

Since joy cannot ever continue
And tried friends are better than new,
No matter how far we may scatter
We'll cherish old friends, good and true.

Should distance greatly divide us,
Our hearts will be true as today,
And all will be joyed at the fortune,
When good comes to one far away.

And should we again come together
Before all of life we will spend,
We'll link with the happy beginning
A joyous and beautiful end.

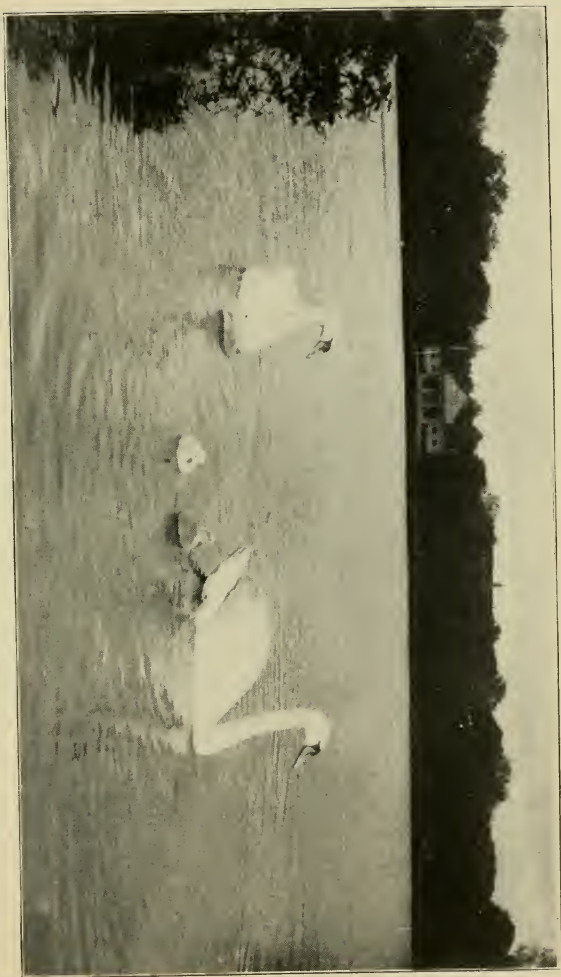
VERSES TO A ROSE

Dear Rose, thou loveliest of bloom,
If we should meet again some day
Beyond the tomb, beyond the tomb,
What would you do, what would you say,
Thou loveliest of bloom?

Would you, Dear Rose, your perfume spill
Bloom by bloom, bloom by bloom,
As today upon my window sill
At my room, at my rustic room,
You the air with fragrance fill?

In the distant afterwhile,
If I should be a rose like you,
Should we meet and kiss and smile
Never more to bid adieu. adieu,
In the distant afterwhile?

Oh! the joys that you and I
In this blissful world have known,
Must multiply, must multiply,
As the heartfelt sweets were sown
For the joyous bye and bye.



The floating swans that o'er the wavelets leap.



WE OUGHT TO STORE A TREASURE

The autumn wind reminds us that the year
Is aging fast, and as the oak leaves fall
The agile squirrels skip lightly far and near,
Their stores for dreary winter to install;
And this reminds me as the years go by,
We ought to store a treasure,—you and I.

Near yonder fountain, where the streamers rise,
A pool has formed of waters wide and deep,
Where young and old admire with beaming eyes
The floating swans that o'er the wavelets leap;
As drops cause pools to spread out wide and high,
So ought we store a treasure,—you and I.

There at the lane where lovers tarry long,
Beneath the shade of flower and tree and vine,
Where vows make life as merry as a song,
And hope is born to live in joy divine—
As laughter takes the place of weary sigh,
So ought we store a treasure,—you and I.

Near yonder bridge where ripe old age is seen,
The swain and aged wife go hand in hand,
See how upon each other's arms they lean,
And know that love makes a contented land;
Since life is short and fast the hours fly,
So ought we store a treasure,—you and I.

SHE IS SLEEPING SO SWEETLY

She is sleeping so sweetly at rest,
Near the foot of the evergreen tree,
The sun, sinking down in the west,
Casts a long, dark shadow o'er me;
She is sleeping so sweetly at rest,
How peaceful the earth and the sky!
She has flown like a bird from its nest,
To the realm of the spirits on high.

She lived a life holy and good,
"Let me flee to thy arms, Father—God,"
She said, as death cast its hood,
And we laid her at peace 'neath the sod.
Now she sleeps so sweetly at rest,
But her works live, active and true;
In life she had chosen the best
And in death this faith did renew.



Life is not always what it seems,
But sleep requites with happy dreams.

GOOD NIGHT

Good night!

Fade the parting rays of light;
Now the daily labors end,
Rest comes to the busy hand,
Until the morning wakens bright,
Good night!

Go to rest!

Close your eyes with feelings best,
For the birds have hushed the song
They were chirping all day long,
And the night makes this request:
Go to rest!

Close your eyes!

Dream of a happy Paradise,
Life is not always what it seems,
But sleep requites with happy dreams:
Recompense for him who tries,
Close your eyes!

Good night!

Slumber on 'till morning light,
Sleep until the new tomorrow
Comes with its own toil and sorrow;
Until the morning wakens bright,
Good night!

PASSION IN FRIENDSHIP

I like to think of friendship as the wine of life,
The sparkling fluid which ever stimulates the soul ;
I like to feel the downy pillow of the heart,
And breathe the spirit that will deepest grief
console.

To me it seems the dearest, sweetest fruit of earth,
Though not complete unless heaven its blessings
sends ;
The fruitage which replaces grief with quickened joy,
Is found reposing in the bosom of our friends.

I know the stealthy counterfeit in passion's flame
May melt the heart and later bring remorse and
grief,
And steal away the virtue which entenders us for aye,
And cause a falling of the spirit like the autumn
leaf.

Hence, true love alone in reason must take root,
And bind with rootlets strong the tender chord
Which anchors friendship firmly at the noontide point,
And in eternity secures its just reward.

I speak of passion, for in passion there are twain
When heart meets heart, enthused, as by the living
lyre,
And here is virtue tested by an inborn flame,
Proved in the heat of an intense and rival fire ;

Though dear, this proven friendship yet is delicate
And from sheer doubt and cold reserve may early
die,

But, kept alive by friendly deeds and warmth of soul,
No earthly hand can break the all-enduring tie.

New friendships, like new wine, are neither strong
nor pure,

And ties thus formed may not in trouble stay,
But, ripened by long years and tested by affliction,
Our friendships will endure through darkest of
dismay—

Then, let my life with many friends be blessed,
And let my spirit rise with the virtue which they
give,

And let the cordial warmth, the strong defense of love,
Endure in me and mine as long as I shall live.



WHEN SHALL I MEET YOU AGAIN

When shall I meet you again
And be as happy as I've been?—
Let not this be the last time
That you place your hand in mine;
Let both joy and pleasure reign
Until I meet you again.

Though our paths be far away
As we toil from day to day;
Though the breakers of the sea

Cast your lot apart from me—
Oft in dreams I'll think of you
And my kind regards renew.

Though I sail on stormy seas,
Or float on ocean's waves with ease;
Though I climb the mountains high,
Or aviate the azure sky,—
I would my thought to you incline
And gently press your hand in mine.

Though our locks turn silvery-gray
And youth and strength fast speed away;
Though our tottering steps are slow
As on the shoals of time we go,—
Still let the joy of friendship reign
Whene'er I shall meet you again.

When this earthly life is spent
And the vase in twain is rent;
When the grave receives this clay
And all that was has passed away,—
In the realm where spirits reign,
There would I meet you again.

POEMS OF LIFE

LIFE

My life is a beautiful song,
The days pass swiftly away,
The years speed so quickly along—
It seems like the dream of a day.

My youth was a charming delight,
A springtime of which poets sing;
It dawned on me, happy and bright,
But flew like a bird on the wing.

The years of maturity came,
Fraught with the chances of life;
The labors that were not in vain
Gave stimuli, fruitful and rife.

As student, as teacher, as man,
The seasons so quickly have flown;
The cycles of time swiftly ran
And taken dear friends I have known.

And soon will I turn to the west,
West, where the sun sinks from view,
To welcome the long, peaceful rest,
After bidding all earth-friends adieu.

My life is a beautiful song,
The days pass swiftly away,
The years speed so quickly along—
It seems like the dream of a day.

TO NATURE

Nature, sweet and dear to me,
Let me nurse myself on thee;
Guide and lead me with thy hand
As a child in wonderland!

For the balm of thy sweet breath
Calls to life in zones of death,
And the vigor of thy soul
Makes and keeps the living whole.

I would wander far with thee,
O'er the hills and through the lea;
When I tire and need a rest,
I'll find it on thy ample breast.

Day by day 'tis well with me,
If I breathe and live in thee;
Let my life with thee combine,
Nature, thou protector mine.

A LOVELY DREAM

I dreamed a lovely dream at night,
When day long had departed,
But woke up in the morning light
Quite sad and broken-hearted.

My dream brought me a vision fair
Of firm friends, true and trusty,
But waking gave me chill despair
And showed these friends had left me.

The dream told me that all the world
My life with love is guiding,
But, waking up, the truth unfurled—
The world was keenly chiding.

My vision showed the world is true
Because it really loves me,
But, when awake, I learned anew
It loves success above me.

And yet this was a lovely dream,
As you may have detected;
Though things are not quite what they seem,
In dreams life is reflected.

Our dreams are good, if we are good,
For lovely dreams we treasure,
And when this truth is understood,
Our dreams will give us pleasure.

PRESS ON

My Child, press on! you cannot fail
To climb the crest of mountain high,
With faith the break of morning hail—
Unfurl your banner to the sky;
Who starts aright with zeal and zest,
With mind and heart in full control,
And always tries to do the best,
Will never fail to reach the goal.

My Youth, press on! surmount the steeps,
Though they be rocky all the way;
He fails who feebly crawls and creeps,
Who stands up bravely wins the day.
A star of hope gives aid and cheer
To those who look and press ahead,
And makes success seem very near
As on to fortune we are led.

My Friend, press on! with kind regard
For all the friends that wish you well,
And let the fruits of your reward
O'er all your life cast their sweet spell;
Sweet are the friends who give us cheer,
Who grasp our hand and speak kind words,
Their aid and comfort are more dear
Than music grand or songs of birds.

My Love, press on! and love thou me
With an affection staid and pure,
For I your truest love will be
As long as my life shall endure;

Since love is life and life is love
And bliss comes only to the true,
Let us declare, by heaven above,
You live for me, I live for you.

Old Age, press on! let courage now,
With steadfast stride and strengthened soul,
Give tone to life though head may bow,
And keep the faith that wins the goal;
Be true to self, be true to man,
Be true to God in joy and tears,
And if you do the best you can,
You'll win the goal in spite of fears.

HOPE

When yet I trod the way with happy song,
And life was sweet, so calm and sweet to me,
That joyous strains o'er hills and valleys rung,

'Twas then you beckoned with your mystic veil,
Sweet Hope, fond goddess whom I worship still,
And signaled often lest my heart should fail.

And eagerly you put me to the test,
In all I wished, you led me on apace,
A thousand wishes sprang within my breast.

You smiled on me in shadow and in shine,
I threw a kiss at you and cried aloud,
" 'Tis well with me, you faithful goddess mine."

But sleep unmanned me in an evil day,
 You disappeared, I know not how or where,
Alone in grief I plod my weary way.

You disappeared when toil o'ercame my strength,
 Deceiver, you, show me your smile once more,
And let me try to win you back again.

I turn and look afar, and scarce believe,
 Where once with joyous feet I trod the way,
In dreams you now bewilder and deceive.

What youthful heart are you beguiling now?
 Your rosy lips are laughing for what swain?
While I am old and shrunk in breast and brow.

I see once more you hap'ly wink at me,
 As I am near the brink of life's fair strand,
And sit and dream of vast eternity.

But now a mystic sleep has me unmanned.

SOMETHING

The heart must something wish and yearn,
 For something hope in future day,
For something crave, for something burn,
 To make life one glad roundelay.

All our bliss and all our pleasure
 Must attach to something real;
Whether busy or at leisure,
 We must e'er this something feel.

If I could not long for something,
For some better deed or thought;
Some word to speak, some song to sing,
Life would not seem what it ought.

And my longings are unbounded,
Unbounded as the boundless sea,
And with bliss I am surrounded,
As this something quickens me.

Thus, I long for something ever,
Something far, or something near,
And I'm disappointed never,
For this yearning gives me cheer.

THOSE CHIMING BELLS

Those chiming bells, those chiming bells,
Long years ago rang sweet farewells,
When I left home
To rove and roam,
Not thinking that e'er back I'd come.

And as I wandered far away,
These bells rang sweetly day by day;
It seemed so dear
That I could hear,
At mem'ry's call, these sounds of cheer.

When I returned, oh blessed day!
Though bowed in form, with locks of gray,
These happy bells
Beat cheerful knells,
Far sweeter than their sweet farewells!

The village church, where old and young
Long years the same old songs have sung,
 With steeple tall,
 Seems dear to all
When these sweet bells peal forth their call.

Beneath the sod, in yonder field,
Dwell those for whom these bells have pealed ;
 They joyed to hear
 Their sounds of cheer
Till borne away with shroud and bier.

Those chiming bells, those chiming bells,
For me shall ring the last farewells ;
 When I am gone
 They'll still ring on
With tuneful peal o'er woods and lawn.

LIFE'S MEANING

Life is a firmly folded flower
 That holds God's secrets, one and all,
We delve into its mystic bower
 In vernal spring, in chilly fall—
And in unfolding leaf by leaf,
The bloom of life falls sweet and brief.

Our earth-dulled senses scarce may know
 The radiant beauty of its bloom,
For swift its beauties from us blow
 As time speeds on from morn till noon—
And noon gives way to mystic night
Ere we have learned life's meaning quite.

THE LAST FAREWELL

When we became divided,
Her heart so true and kind,
I felt with grief betided
In body and in mind.
With these sad words she did implore:
"Farewell, farewell forevermore!"
When we became divided,
Her heart so true and kind.

When at the early springing
Of affection's tender chord,
I met my soul-mate singing,
Our hearts beat in accord.
The music sweet seemed to implore;
"Remain with me forevermore!"
When at the early springing
Of affection's tender chord.

And when I learned so sadly
That love may broken be,
I felt that death might gladly
Have come and taken me.
These words still echoed as of yore:
"Farewell, farewell forevermore!"
When first I learned so sadly
That love may broken be.

My springtime's gone completely,
I know the reason why;
The lips that kissed me sweetly
Now cold and silent lie.

For she has gone to yonder shore:
"Farewell, farewell forevermore!"
My springtime's gone completely,
I know the reason why.

SOMETIME

Sometime, sometime, oh blessed hope!
Sometime I yearn for heart retrieving;
Sometime will break the heavy yoke;
Sometime will vanquish fear and grieving;
Sometime, foreseen by sages old,
Will grossest dregs be turned to gold.

Sometime the ebbing tide will turn;
Sometime the storm will cease to blow;
Sometime the hearthstone brighter burn,
And hapless wanderer homeward go;
Sometime sunlight through tears will break
And joyous song the slumberer wake.

Sometime, oh thou beauteous word!
Thou canst every grief allay—
The sea may move the labored mole,
But cannot sweep the rocks away.
Then, truest heart, do not forget:
Sometime, sometime will reach you yet.



I set my canvas to the gale
And steered my vessel far from shore.

LIFE'S LESSON

While yet a child, on ocean's shore,
 I gazed across the restless sea;
I heard the music of its roar
 And wondered what it meant to me.

In those sweet years I longed to sail
 'Mid treasures rare of ages' lore;
I set my canvas to the gale
 And steered my vessel far from shore.

With joy I sailed the summer sea
 While skies were bright and winds were fair,
But storms soon disappointed me
 And drove my vessel here and there.

And when arose the tempest wild,
 It tossed my ship on billows wide,
It swept me back where as a child
 For joy and pleasure I had sighed.

Ah! well, if we could only know
 In early years, so sweet and kind,
What joy and pleasure from us flow
 As we leave childhood years behind.

WHICH WAY

Which way, you waterfowls, which way?

 “To our summer homes,
For nesting far away,
 When summer comes.”

Which way, you springtime clouds, which way?

 “Over glen and field,
Supplying rain today
 For harvest’s yield.”

Which way, you gentle wind, which way?

 “To the mountain high,
To melt the snow away
 For deserts dry.”

Which way, you rippling stream, which way?

 “Onward through the lea,
Supplying needs today
 For yonder sea.”

And you, my precious soul, which way?

 “On paths that saints have trod,
Am seeking peace today
 With Nature’s God.”

PASSING OF LIFE

I cannot tell by words
 The language of my heart;
Flown have the summer birds,
 And I soon must depart.

Break icebergs over reef
In Arctic fields of snow;
Falls verdure leaf by leaf
As autumns come and go.

Man, lofty for a time,
Stands as the forest tree;
But as the years incline
His strength and vigor flee.

Out to the lawn I go,
Where beauty roses bloomed;
Strange, strange! and yet I know
That all to death are doomed.

Here loitered bride and groom
With happy days to come—
Now bowed beside the tomb
The mourner stands alone.

Or as I turn aside,
Where happy children played;
Their destiny betide—
I stand alone, dismayed.

My heart had grief and pain,
As years bade time adieu;
But greater joys again
Fond memories renew.

I cannot tell by words
The language of my heart,
But firmly I'm assured
That love can ne'er depart.

All my thoughts and thinking
I cast upon the deep—
Let me be adrinkin'
Of love, which I shall keep.

EVENING WISH

Ends the storm its fearful blow,
At the quiet eventide—
Would my humble life below
Such a tranquil end betide!



LUCK IS LIKE A SUNBEAM

Luck is like a sunbeam—
It flashes as a bright gleam
 And then it hides away;
No one can grasp it surely,
Say gravely and demurely,
 "I'm lucky every day."

Luck is like a sunbeam—
It passes as a sweet dream
 And cannot be recalled;
In the deep pangs of anguish,
The fainting heart may languish
 And lucklessly be palled.

Luck is like a sunbeam—
It dashes as a swift stream
 And must be caught in time;
Left flowing by unheeded,
It disappears when needed,
 Quite lofty and sublime.

Luck is like a sunbeam—
It is fraught with life, I deem,
 And quickens heart and soul;
The truly brave and plucky
Are always the most lucky
 And safely reach the goal.

DESTINY

The spirit of man,
 Like the mist and the rain,
Descends from on high
 And rises again.
The changes of nature
Are seen in each creature.

O'er mountain and cliff
 Torrents raging anon,
Neither quiet nor rest;
 So the spirit moves on.
The life spark divine
Must grow or decline.

The wind spends its course
 As the sun rises high,
Though it blew a brisk gale
 Calm stillness is nigh.
The storm may devast,
But the sun shines at last.

Rain quickens the sod,
 Wind moans and is spent;
A storm may destroy
 The growth showers have lent.
Like rain is man's spirit,
Like wind is man's fate.

LONGING

I think of you, you joyous, happy times
 When life glowed in its morning hours.
Oh phantasy, turn back with merry chimes
 And touch my soul with springtime flowers!

Turn backward thou, oh golden morning,
 When I was borne into this life,
And, unknown to me all earthly mourning,
 My happy heart beat free from strife.

Encircle me, you early, guileless years,
 You Paradise, to me long lost,
Ere sweetest hopes gave way to fears
 And flowers were on sunbeams tossed.

'Tis sad, indeed, my longings are in vain,
 These early joys have passed for aye;
Fast fade life's flowers, nor bloom again,
 And slowly, too, we fade away.

Still I rise with faith in the bright glowing
 Which heralds morn in eastern sky;
This faith, born of the certain knowing
 Which truth reflects, can never die.

There is for all a heavy dream in store,
 And after that a joyous waking up;
How yearn I for the dawning, more and more,
 When joy shall fill the much reputed cup!

Oh happy times, when flowers, once crushed below
By time and tide, will bloom anew !
Oh happy land, where hearts, with fire aglow,
Will rise to bid all earthly cares adieu !

LEAVE THE BITTER IN THE CUP

A little busy honey bee
Flew hastily from tree to tree,
Sipping food from laden bower,
Gathering sweets from every flower.

Spake the maiden to the bee,
"I saw you fly from tree to tree,
Bitter is some bloom, I think,
And yet from every flower you drink."

"Yes," spake the bee without ado,
"All that you say is very true,
I sip the sweeter juices up
And leave the bitter in the cup."

POEMS OF HOME

THE LINDEN TREE

At the old home, on the greensward,
Stands the spreading linden tree,
Whose cordate leaves and yellow bloom
Alike are dear to me.

It sheltered me in summertime
While reposing in its shade;
I dreamed many a happy dream
As 'neath its boughs I laid.

Quite often in the bark I cut
Some endearing words to me,
Or leaned against it as a prop—
This sweet old linden tree.

And still the busy bees come here
To sip the sweets from flowers,
While birds find shelter for their nests
And safety from the showers.

And when the dreary winters come
With snow and sleet and storm,
The linden with its massive boughs
Keeps snowbirds safe and warm.

Although I'm now some distance
From the spreading linden tree,
It seems I hear a rustling
And that it calls to me—

“Come back, lie 'neath my branches,
Come, cool your feverish brow ;
My shade will give you pleasure
From every branch and bough.”

'Though life to me is strenuous
In the growing marts of trade,
Yet secret longings bring me back
To loiter in the shade—

At the old home, on the greensward,
'Neath the spreading linden tree,
Whose leaves and trunk and branches
Alike are dear to me.

THE DES MOINES*

And thou, Des Moines, on thy fair shore
We whiled away the days of yore,
In chase of squirrel and honey bee,
And ripened fruit of walnut tree.
We plucked the grape from lengthy vine
For lusty fish cast out the line,
And bathed our limbs in eddying pool,
As truants, going home from school.

We think of thee, oh! silvery stream,
As borne by elves on glittering beam,
And feel assured a fairy band
Oft decks thy banks with golden sand.
The sturdy woods upon thy sides
Bow as thy water gently glides,
And, when the sun sinks in the west,
Their shadows bring us peaceful rest.

Sweet is the music of thy flow
As seasons swiftly come and go;
Thy haunts with song of birds abound,
Whose echoes in thy bluffs resound.
In all thy course from north to south,
From minute source to widened mouth,
Thy many blessings joy betide
As oceanward thy waters glide.

*Pronounced De Moin'.

MY BUNGALOW

I have a little bungalow
'Tis all I have, and you may know
A silvery brook flows murmuring by,
A-singing of the fields and sky.

Near by the door stands a large tree
That shelters domicile and me,
And here the busy bee and bird
In buzzing flight and song are heard.

The path that leads up to my bower
Is bordered well by many a flower,
And those, perchance, who pass along
Are well refreshed by scent and song.

When winter chills the atmosphere,
From blazing grate I gather cheer,
And live in warmth and comfort still
As furious storms pass on at will.

Oft when at night I go to rest
It seems all things are for the best,
The sleep so sweet in which I sink
That ne'er do I of waking think.

What say you of my bungalow
That e'er with pleasure is aglow?
If ever you should come this way,
I bid you call and with me stay.

A WISH

Once more would I ere into Elysium,
The shadow world, my spirit sinks away,
Salute the scenes where early childhood
Gave me the dreams I realize today.

A branch from childhood's home, plucked from the
tree
Which father planted, gives rise to sweeter sound,
Oh Friend, than all the vines and laurel trees
That in the famed Levant are found.

The little meadow stream, where as a child
I plucked the violet, to me lulled sweeter song
And rippled with a more melodious tone
Than the famed River Styx to the Grecian throng.

To me the Pilot Mound, a hill near by,
Where often youth spent hours with sled and skate,
Gave rapture greater than the Alpine heights
Whose peaks tower grandly and sedate.

The shade of maple and of poplar trees,
With spreading branches near the family home,
Cooled feverish brow and still will cheer
The wanderer, if he but home will come.

Therefore would I ere into Elysium,
The shadow world, my spirit sinks away,
Salute the scenes where early childhood
Gave me the dreams I realize today.

And after that, Oh Friend, Genius of Death
May quench the flame: I drift away
To Anacreon's shades of myrtle
Without regret, free from dire dismay.

SWEET SCENES OF THE OLD HOME

Sweet, sweet scenes of the old home,
Wandering 'mong hills alone,
Climbing craggy cliff-pathways,
Looking through the evening haze.
Sweet, sweet scenes of the old home,
Where lowing herds graze and roam,
Where lowing herds graze and roam,
Sweet, sweet scenes of the old home.
Sweet, sweet scenes of the old home.

Sweet, sweet scenes of the old home,
Ere trials of years have come,
Gathering eggs of busy hens,
Seeking fruits in fields and fens.
Sweet, sweet scenes of the old home,
Long wintry nights and harmless fun,
Long wintry nights and harmless fun,
Sweet, sweet scenes of the old home.
Sweet, sweet scenes of the old home.

Sweet, sweet scenes of the old home,
Where soft winds more gently moan,
Where the brooks are clearer bright,
And the sun gives softer light.

Sweet, sweet scenes of the old home,
To which parents bid me come,
To which parents bid me come,
Sweet, sweet scenes of the old home.
Sweet, sweet scenes of the old home.

SWEET CONTENTMENT

Grandma sits in her easy chair,
Near by plays her grandchild fair.

The two are staying home alone
All others to a feast have gone.

Grandma, once content and bright,
Says she's blinded by the light.

And whispers of the happy day
Ere youthful strength had passed away.

"Then life was fair to all my own,
But now I'm lonely and alone.

"And I am old and sick and weak,
Life has become both cold and bleak."

The grandchild long has played with zest,
And wishes now to go to rest.

Grandma lifts it to her lap
And cooes it for a pleasant nap.

The child speaks up so soft and low,
"Grandmamma, I love you so.

"While Pa and Ma leave me alone,
You kindly stay with me at home."

These happy words from childish mind
A chord of love in grandma find.

Her thoughts go back when she was young,
Her health's restored, she's well and strong.

A happy smile is on her face,
The child sleeps warm in her embrace.

Happy is grandma and happy is child
For having the day so pleasantly whiled.

Ah, pleasant is youth and pleasant is age,
If we but calmly ill feelings assuage.

And this is the adage: when we do our best,
The night follows day with sweet, happy rest.



Happy is grandma and happy is child
For having the day so pleasantly whiled.

POEMS OF LOVE

SONG OF LOVE

Bridge, do not break, you tremble much!
Cliff, do not fall as my feet touch!
Oh sun, glide in your course above
Until I reach the one I love,
The one I love!

Lane, do not turn to left or right!
Stream, do not swell this cloudy night!
Oh stars, shine in your wonted place
Until my loved I may embrace,
I may embrace!

.
And now, that I have reached my love,
Oh sun, halt in your course above—
The day seems short and time glides fast,
Since I have reached my love at last,
My love at last!

And as I hold in my embrace,
And feel her form and see her face—
The storms may rage, the stars may fall,
For in my love I still have all,
I still have all!

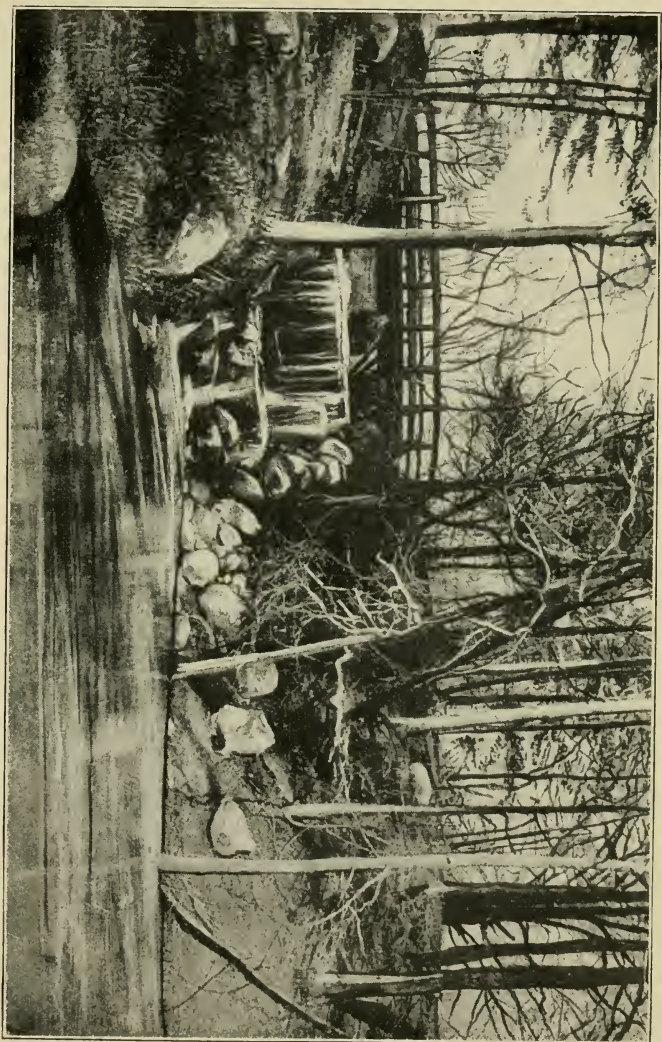
WHAT THE FLOWERS SAID

Daisy spoke to me: "He loves you true
And all his bliss depends on you;
For he is ready, he now waits near—"
Daisy, you flatter and yet give cheer.
May God bless what you truly tell.

Sunflower said: "I must confess
This man does not true love possess;
His heart is proud, cold and sedate—"
Sunflower, dear, you speak too late.
May God forgive my fear and doubt.

Sweet William said: "He's proved untrue
And basely has forsaken you—"
Sweet William, bloom both sweet and fair,
Sadly I'll braid you in my hair.
May God help me this trying hour.

Then spoke the heart: "Dear maiden fair,
Your love must choose its mate with care;
Trust only him who's proven true,
Who's shown himself a mate for you—"
May God have mercy on my soul.



Bridge, do not break, you tremble much!
Cliff, do not fall as my feet touch!

YOUTHFUL FANCY

When youthful fancy fondly lingered
And passions' streams were all a-glow,
When evening breezes kissed the dew-drops
And summer sun was sinking low,
We would stroll 'mid sweetest flowers
Peeping out from bush and vine;
All my hopes were linked with yours,
And yours indeed, were linked with mine.

When your lily hands would nestle,
Nestle in the palms of mine,
When your eyes would gently sparkle,
Sparkle with a love divine,
We would taste of sweetest pleasure,
In the joyous spring of life—
Heaven itself could not be fairer,
So rich with joy, so free from strife!

When you'd fondly pluck the roses
And the silvery aspen leaves,
Braiding them with willing fingers
Into twining, circling wreaths;
When we'd seal our vows with kisses
In the twilight and the dew,
'Till the nude moon rose above us,
And we'd fondly bid adieu.

Many years since then have parted,
Flown away in rapid turn,
But your words of fond devotion
Still upon my memory burn—

When we'd stroll 'mid sweetest flowers
Peeping out from bush and vine;
All my hopes were linked with yours,
And yours, indeed, were linked with mine.

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE BLOSSOM

My love is like the blossom—
Sedate and calm and staid,
When gently in the twilight
The gleams of sunset fade.

Her eyes are like the budlet
In the morning dew and mist;
Her cheeks are like the petals
With myriad blushes kissed.

Her hair is like the stamens
With hues of sun and gold;
Her lips are like the carpels
That treasured sweets enfold.

It seems my hands should gently
Upon her head be laid,
Praying, God may ever keep her
Sedate and calm and staid.

DO YOU DOUBT

Do you doubt the love that I declare is yours?

Do you question where my heart's desire is set?

Can you feel the pulse that steadfastness assures,

And do you really think that I can e'er forget?

Ask of the brooks that sigh to kiss the sea,

Ask of the waves that dash and form the brine,

Ask of the winds that moan across the lea,

And they will tell you of a constancy like mine.

Do you doubt the solemn promises I made?

Do you fear to trust the heart that's true to you?

Can you think the love I pledged will fade,

When I vow that evermore I will be true?

Ask of the stars that twinkle in the night,

Ask of the beams that in the morning shine,

Ask of the gems that sparkle in the light,

And they will tell you of a trueness quite like mine.

Do you doubt that I will live my life for you?

Do you think a soul so fraught with love will fail?

Can you believe that love can love imbue,

And every act of doubt and fear entail?

Ask of the sweetest music played or sung,

Ask of the truest mother's love divine,

Ask of the softest curfew ever rung,

And they will tell you of a love like mine.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE

Can it be true that Hector goes away
To fields where Achilles has wrought dismay
 In baneful years gone by, with ram and sword?
Who then shall teach your children well to know
Their father's and my gods, and spears to throw,
 When into Elysium your soul is lowered?

HECTOR

Dear wife, dry well your tearful eyes, today
My longings are to combat in the fray
 And shield the honors that belong to Troy.
I dare to fight for homes and heroes brave,
To battle on with might fair Troy to save,
 Else sink into the River Styx with joy.

ANDROMACHE

Alone you leave me here with grief dismayed,
You go to fall in everlasting shade,
 Your love will in the Lethe sink away:
No more shall my keen eyes behold you here,
Your weapons soon will rust in deserts drear,
 And Priam's noble people shall decay.

HECTOR

Hear! the sound of battle loudly calls,
Gird on my sword that I may storm the walls,
 There to unfurl the banners far and high;

All my longings, all my strength and life
Give I to Troy and home and blessed wife,
And my love for you shall never die.

CONCLUSION

Those who survived saw in the vale afar
Hector a corpse dragged at the victor's car,
Slain by the stroke of Grecian blade—
Andromache fell fainting at the sight,
And Troy soon fell before the Grecian might,
But peaceful sleeps the mighty Hector's shade.

HAPPY WHO A HEART HAS FOUND

Oh happy who a heart has found
That lives and beats alone for love,
And by the ties of love is bound
In sweet concord where'er he rove.

Where two hearts become united
In faith and love, ne'er to forget,
And where each to each is plighted
The sun of joy will never set.

Since it is true that *love is life*,
I bid that you this vow renew,
Give love its way, in peace and strife,
And all the world belongs to you!

THE BROKEN HEART

If only the birds could feel and know
How sad and sick and drear
I am today, they'd sing aglow
My wounded heart to cheer.

If only the flowers knew full well
What pangs of grief I feel,
Their eyes with bitter tears would swell
My pains to soothe and heal.

If only the stars, afar and high,
Could see my tear-stained eyes,
They'd mellow their light and draw anigh
To soothe my sobs and sighs.

But birds and flowers and stars aglow
Can neither feel nor see
What only *she* alone can know—
For she's broken the heart in me.

THOU ART SO FAIR

Suggested by Chapter 4, Songs of Solomon.

Thou art so fair, my Love, thou art so fair—
Fair are thy eyes and locks of waving hair;
Thy teeth are like pure ivory, so white,
Thy lips like scarlet threads are set aright;
Thy speech, thy temples, filled with glowing zest,
To me are comely like thy ample breast.

At night, ere dismal shadows flee away,
I would with thee in love and comfort stay
To drink from fount of myrrh the sweetest scent
Which thou, my Love, to me in bounty lent,
And I from thee would never, never part,
For thou, my Spouse, hast ravished all my heart.

My Love is fair, to me so fair and dear,
Much fairer than the wine dost thou appear;
Thy lips and tongue like honeycomb are sweet,
Blest is the path where'er may trod thy feet;
Thou like a garden art, with sparkling spring,
A fountain where the mystic cupids sing.

Try as I may to dampen fervid love,
It springs within as if from heav'n above;
Floods cannot impassioned love subdue,
For every throb of heart swells it anew,
And I shall my beloved's ever be,
And my adored alone shall live for me.

Then, let the chilly north winds blow anon,
And let the autumn breezes southward come
To ripen fruits in gardens, far and wide,
That nature all with pleasant scents betide;
And let me dwell where sparkling waters flow
To lean upon my love as time shall go.

YOU THINK OF ME SO SELDOM

You think of me so seldom,
I think so much of you,
A world of doubt divides us,
And bids us say adieu.

But I would span the distance,
And we would sail with ease,
From zones of doubt and suspense
To fairer, calmer seas.

Would you give your affection,
In fervent faith and love,
The whole world would be lighted
With rays from heaven above.

DEVOTION

A pansy in the meadow grew
Whose bloom and blush no one knew ;
It was a lovely pansy.
There came a youthful maiden fair
Without a sigh, without a care
And sang a song,
And gaily tripped along.

“Ah!” sighed the pansy, “If I knew
I were the finest bloom that grew,
E’en only for a moment,
And she’d pluck me from my stem
And press me to her breast, and then
Kiss me, kiss me—
No greater bliss could be!”

But, alas! this maiden came
The tender bloom to crush and maim,
Stepped on the lovely pansy;
But cheerfully it leaned its head
“I’m glad to die,” the pansy said,
“’Tis sweet, ’tis sweet
To die beneath her feet.”

ROSE OF THE MEADOW

From the German of Johann Herder.

Saw a youth a rose one time,
 Little meadow rosy:
Saw it was so sweet and fine,
Said, "I wish that it were mine,
 This blooming little posy."
Rosy, rosy, rosy red,
 Little meadow rosy!

Said the youth, "I will pluck you,
 Little meadow rosy!"
Said the rose, "But if you do
I will stick and make you rue,
 I'm a blooming posy."
Rosy, rosy, rosy red,
 Little meadow rosy!

And the daring youth did break
 Little meadow rosy:
And the rosy made him quake—
Yet for sweet friendship's sake
 Became his true posy.
Rosy, rosy, rosy red,
 Little meadow rosy!

POWER OF LOVE

A word is but a simple sign
Our mental status to reveal,
Or our motives to conceal,
Or the false with truth combine.
Not so with our true affection,
Which flows on with perfect rhyme,
And the heart feels no dejection
At the joyous mating time:
Hate gives out sad, doleful groans,
Love speaks in the sweetest tones.

Love was given us from heaven,
And the heart was taught to love
By the spirit from above,
Earthly ills to soothe and leaven.
Love's the privilege of the mind,
The soul and reason of all life,
The law that governs all mankind
And frees us from the bane of strife:
Hate seeks to darken and distress,
Love governs wisely with kindness.

Love is an incarnate blessing,
Springing from the inner soul,
Making the heartsick fully whole,
Cheering with its sweet caressing.
Love has power to soothe the madness
Of the stern, unkind and cold,
And to change drear gloom to gladness
As if turning dross to gold:
Hate is stern, cold and decoy,
Love is life and strength and joy.

Oh! for Cupid's bow and arrow,
That I might enflame the drear,
That I might the lonely cheer
And with love displace keen sorrow.
As a star speaks to a star,
As the light springs from the flame,
So affection, near or far,
Reciprocates true love again;
Hate drives every joy away,
Love kindly calls and bids you stay.



POEMS OF RELIGION

AWAY, AWAY!

I know a land where grows the pine,
Where oaks in glowing sunset shine,
Where softer breezes sweep the main
And life's refreshed by gentler rain—

Do you know that land? Away, away,
There would I, oh beloved, stay!

I know a house of plainest build,
Where life is lived as love has willed,
Where duty leads both one and all
And dreams the joys of life recall—

Do you know that house? Away, away,
There would I, oh beloved, stay!

I know a home by sages named,
In every land, through ages famed,
Where dwell the saints, eternal goal!
The home forever of the soul—

Do you know that home? Away, away,
There would I, oh beloved, stay!

GOD AND NATURE

I love the beauty of the earth,
 'Tis well worth adoration;
Held firmly, as it speeds through space,
 By the law of gravitation.

And yet it but the footstool is
 Of God, the great Eternal,
The mind that guides the universe
 In time and cause diurnal.

I love the moon with phases strange,
 The twinkling stars in stilly night;
I love the sun, the ball of fire
 Which gives me needed heat and light.

And yet these but the creatures are
 Of God, unchanged through endless time,
Far greater He than all the worlds—
 The only God, the vast, sublime!

Since earth His fitting footstool is
 And sun and stars shine at His throne,
How great must be His heart of hearts
 That calls the dreary wanderer home!

ANTHEM:

In Thee I find the sum of life,
 Direct my thoughts alone to Thee;
Control and guide my wandering heart,
 And let thy spirit dwell in me:
Clothe me in time, oh God, I pray,
 With garments of eternal day.

CORREGGIO'S THE HOLY NIGHT

Translated from the German.

Silent night, Holy night!
All repose,—halo light
Shines on the loving parental pair,
Who in the stall at Bethlehem are
By the heavenly Child,
By the heavenly Child.

Silent night, Holy night!
Shepherds see star most bright,
Angels singing hallélujah,
Bringing glad tidings from heav'n afar,
Christ, the Savior, is born,
Christ, the Savior, is born.

Silent night, Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light,
O'erwhelms us, a redeeming power,
When we're strick'n by the saving hour,
Jesus Christ, through thy birth,
Jesus Christ, through thy birth.

Silent night, Holy night!
Earth, awaken at the sight,—
Let every creature bend the knee,
Let all proclaim the jubilee,
Peace on earth forever,
Peace on earth forever.

HOPE AND TRUST

Whoever plants an acorn seed,
With faith that it will fill a need;
Who seeks for potence in the sod,
He lives in hope and trusts in God.

Whoever plows and tills the soil,
And plants the seed with earnest toil;
Who waits on nature to reward,
He lives in hope and trusts in God.

Whoever guides a youthful mind,
That it might power and wisdom find;
Who aims that sin be overawed,
He lives in hope and trusts in God.

Whoever teaches men to know,
That they must reap whate'er they sow,
Who stands for truth, unshorn, unshod,
He lives in hope and trusts in God.

Whoever leads a mighty host,
To save a cause that's almost lost;
Who pleads for right, 'gainst every odd,
He lives in hope and trusts in God.

Whoever keeps the faith secure,
Though death may hover at the door;
Who is alert, though others nod,
He lives in hope and trusts in God.

LAND BEYOND THE SKY

You may tell about the splendor
Of the land beyond the sky,
Where youth's eternal fountain
And life forever vie;
Where angels dwell in glory
And kiss away each tear,
But fondest hopes will not avail,
Unless you live them here.

You may preach about the city
That was builded for the true,
And tell about its golden streets,
Its gates and portals too;
You may point us to the Saviour
The lonely heart to cheer,
You'll never reach those golden gates
By telling of them here.

You may describe the temple
Built eternally by God,
And courts where lawyers never plead,
Nor slyly wink and nod;
This bench is a true mercy seat,
Its mandates just and clear,
You'll not escape its fearful wrath
By merely preaching here.

You may tell us of the music
Resounding from the throne,
And point out kings and sages
Who from every clime have come,—

And gathered home in glory
By their own Saviour dear,
But your going there will much depend
Upon your deeds down here.

The many acts of valor,
The daily words of love,
The practice of great virtues
Are the things that count above;
The faith in sacred promises
Given to us from on high,
Will elevate the sinner
To the land beyond the sky.

SING, O MY SOUL

Sing, O my soul! in sacred lays,
And give thy great Creator praise;
No mortal tongue can e'er proclaim
The fulness of his power and fame.

Enthroned for countless times and years,
In glory 'mid the radiant spheres,
He did the heart to faith incline,
And made thee, soul of man, divine.

Great are his wonderful designs;
The universe with splendor shines
Because of his inspiring breath,
Which gave thee life and conquers death.

He, O my soul! will thee array
In garments of eternal day,
And lead the faithful by the hand,
To the heavenly home, the Beulah land.

May thy devotion, faithful soul,
His glories laud, his power extol,
And let his praise be on thy tongue
Until all mankind joins the song.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd,
No want shall I know;
I rest in green pastures,
Where still waters flow.

My soul He has strengthened,
As years went and came;
In right paths He has led me,
For the sake of His name.

As death cast its shadow
No evil I feared;
His staff gave me comfort,
His presence me cheered.

In the gloom of despair
That my enemies wrought,
My cup filled with blessings,
Turned dangers to naught.

My head He anointed
With perfumes and oil;
He awarded me gladness
For labor and toil.

And goodness and mercy
Shall follow each day;
I will dwell with the Lord
Forever and aye.

GEMORRAH

In the street is gnawing the fire,
Fierce as the beast of prey,
While musicians on the lyre
Most jubilantly play.

On couches the daughters are resting,
Tired of games and the dance—
Of forbidden fruit they've been testing—
Of unclean deed and glance.

They dream of the darkened pleasure,
Of deeds haughty and vain,
And in dreams, with sinful measure,
Forcefully act them again.

Their dreams will turn into sorrow
As the watchman blows his horn;
Jehovah's wrath at the morrow
Will leave their city forlorn.

THE BEATITUDES

When Christ, of sacred life the fount,
Taught the multitudes upon the mount,

He spoke to them as they drew near,
And uttered words the world to cheer.

The poor in spirit shall be blessed,
For heaven shall be their home and rest.

And those that mourn and those that grieve
Shall cheer and helpful strength receive.

The meek and lowly, be it known,
With blessings rich this earth shall own.

Those that hunger, I have willed,
For righteousness, shall be well filled.

Those who are merciful and fair
Shall obtain mercy as their share.

The pure in heart shall blesséd be
And God, the Father, surely see.

The peacemakers, as their reward,
Shall be called children of their God.

Those persecuted for my sake
Shall of the heavenly home partake.

And those reviled and falsified
Shall have God's blessings multiplied.

And these, the nine Beatitudes,
Christ taught to the vast multitudes.

He gave them out to all the world
As well as those who saw and heard

The Sermon on the Mount; I can see
How all these words apply to me.

Then, let us live that we may share
The blessings named on the mountain fair.

And, well for us all, in peace and strife,
If we heed these words each day of life.

BELSHAZZAR THE KING

Belshazzar and his thousand lords
Long fought in wars with spears and swords.

He had much gold and many a gem
Brought to him from Jerusalem.

When peace and wealth to him had come,
He gave a feast in Babylon.

With music, dance and song made mirth
To free the passions of this earth.

And drank from sacred cups the wines
With princes, wives and concubines.

He praised false gods as heathens do,
Before the Everlasting True.

He seized a sacred cup with vim
And filled it sparkling to the rim.

He drank the wine, with trumpets blown,
To the gods of silver, gold and stone.

And as he quaffed, with proud disdain,
He took the name of God in vain.

Said he, "Jehovah," with a ring,
"Of Babylon I am the king."

"The many millions of my land
Will rise or fall as I command."

But as he spoke his haughty cheer
Gave way to dismal doubt and fear.

A mystic hand wrote on the wall
And deathlike quiet frightened all.

The king was changed, pale was his face,
He quaked and trembled in his place.

Then cried the queen "Forever live
And let your thoughts no trouble give.

"Bring Daniel here and let him tell,
Be this evil, be this well."

And Daniel soon before the king
Declared his wise interpreting.

Said he, "Oh king, the most wise God
Gave to thy kin a sceptered rod.

"Thy father gave He power and might
When he ruled his kingdom right.

"But when his heart with pride was cold
Like oxen fed him grass of old.

"And you, his son, have drunken wines
With princes, wives and concubines.

Belshazzar and his thousand lords
Long fought in wars with spears and swords.



"The sacred cups you've made unclean
And made the holy vessels mean.

"Now in the scales you're weighed at last;
Your wanton earthly reign is past.

"Your land now passes with its needs
To the Persians and the Medes."

The king gave Daniel at this hour
Scarlet, gold and ruling power.

But the Medes that very night
Slew the king with force and might.

Onward they came on conqueror's wing,
Displacing Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king.

Found wanting in the ways of right,
His reign passed 'way like dismal night.

This wholesome lesson teaches all
That pride e'er goeth before the fall.

THE WANDERING JEW

The legend of *The Wandering Jew*
Related well by Eugene Sue;
And oft retold in song and story,
Comes down to us from ages hoary.

And now this story I retell,
In verses short and not so well
As it was told before, on bended knee,
And for my briefness pardon me:

When Jesus bore the cross alone
For sins of mankind to atone,
The task so hard, the load so great,
He fell to earth beneath its weight.

“Go faster,” spake the Jew in scorn,
“Why falter, though your flesh be torn?”
And thus by act, and deed, and word
He harshly crucified his Lord.

And Jesus spake, “I go away
To fulfill the plan of judgment day,
In my Father’s house, oh, blessed home!
But tarry thou until I come.”

Devoid of pity, the wandering Jew
E’er must his doleful lot pursue;
Though death relieves some men from strife
He’s doomed to toil and deathless life.

He wanders on from day to day,
No aim nor goal to guide the way;
In every land he's strange, alone,
And yet in every country known.

A burning curse is on his race
And drives him forth from place to place,
The word, the curse, he cannot name,
Though peace eternal to him came.

The evening breeze cools not his brow,
The morning sun warms not, and now
A fog brings dimness and despair
In every clime and everywhere.

No friend to him a welcome lends,
No smile, no cheer to him extends;
To him no bird sings its sweet song:
All leave him to his gloom alone.

And as he turns from haunted place
An empty world peers in his face;
Striving in vain from morass to fly,
Sad memories rise from days gone by.

The wind expands the freighter's sail,
The stream flows gently through the vale,
The forest bows in friendly nod—
All in obedience to God.

The eagle swings in flight through air
Without a toil, without a care;
His home is in the mountain high,
And rest is his when night is nigh.

The dolphins through the waters glide
As steamers on the ocean ride,
But when the storm has passed away
They rest secure in Aegean Bay.

The clouds full-laden with their weight
The moistures soon precipitate,
And fall upon the mother earth
To give her life, to cause new birth.

But he a wanderer alone,
Without a friend, without a home;
Each morn awakes with new-born care,
Each night adds scores to dull despair.

Oh men! if you these verses read,
I pray you give this soul some heed;
Leave not this wanderer in despair,
But think of him in faith and prayer.

Perhaps, your allotted time is spent,
Your head is bowed, your back is bent,
But at the grave grant this request,
Pray that he have an hour's rest.

POEMS OF POWER

KATE SHELLEY, THE HEROINE

The July night was dark, heavily fell
The rains in torrents down, o'er vale and hill,
And o'er the landscape cast a dreary spell,
As if with deluge deep all nature fill;
The lightnings flashed, the thunders rolled on high,
And heaven was in a dreadful darkness wrapped,
The flashes streamed and dazzled human eye,
And cheer was from the living marrow sapped:
On such a night as this, is there distress
That human hand can ease or render less?

Already is the bridge at Honey Creek destroyed,
Swept by the surging, teeming floods away;
A freight has plunged headlong into the void,
And two are dead and two in dire dismay.
The storm still rages with relentless power
As Wood and Agar to the branches cling;
The maddening waves of water higher tower,
The howling winds still greater dangers bring:
Dark shades of death give rise to doubt and fear,
With perils great and with no succor near!

Afar off to the west, with certain strides,
The train of passengers is bounding fast,
Her men are at the throttle, on her rides
A band, increasing as the towns are passed;
They know that lightnings flash and thunders roll,
And hear the labored efforts of the Iron Horse,
But trust in confidence their living soul
To wheel and rail and nature's force:
With terror and with fear they'd be unmanned,
If they but knew the dangers near at hand.

Quite near the bridge, by torrents swept away,
Kate Shelley 'wakes by howling of the storm,
Nor fears to help and rescue from dismay
The sadly wrecked and helpless human form;
While one small maiden hand is far too weak
To measure strength with dashing, maddened waves,
It still has power a greater aim to seek
In saving many souls from watery graves:
Like flash of lightning through the crushing rain,
It gleams on her that she can save the train.

Upon her knees, with hands bleeding and torn,
 She creeps across the Des Moines River bridge
And hurries on, with hopeful passion borne,
 That she might reach the station on the ridge;
Six hundred feet of bridge, two hundred rods of
 grade—

But worlds of daring spirit in her swell,
And she is mighty, mighty is the maid,
 Who saves the train and human lives as well:
In gratitude our minds and hearts combine
To praise this deed of the brave heroine.

Let titled lord and mansion grand decay
 And graven stone in ages crumble down,
Let storied urn in silence pass away
 And bust of sculpture lose its fair renown:
The heroine with fame shall be enshrined
 To live for aye in story and in song,
Her name with daring deeds shall be combined
 In countryplace and with the passing throng:
And those who love the brave and the sincere
Will learn from her and her kind deeds endear.

SUCCESS

It means a cross for faithful hands to carry,
 In contest fierce, and with tireless brain;
It means that weary limbs must never tarry,
 When right demands that we should try again.

At morn may beauty roses bloom in glory,
 At noon may shrink and wither stem and leaves,
At night may all the world seem cold and hoary,
 And yet should this the spirit vex and grieve?

You cringe because your hands are bleeding,
 And seek a new and untried field for luck;
And soon release your grip, when you should be
 heeding
 The fact that true success depends on pluck.

If you despair when days are clear and cloudless,
 And dream that dreadful storms are raging over-
 head,
An awful ghost will rise before you shroudless,
 And all your early hopes will soon be dead.

Success will surely come with time and labor,
 If we our aims will carry far and high,
For we can win the plaudits of our neighbor,
 And reach the goal by perseverance bye and bye.

INGERSOLL'S FUNERAL ORATION

My loved and loving brother, 'twas his request
That I should speak this sad and solemn hour ;
A vine twines 'round our dead, it seemeth best,
Which makes each loving act a perfumed flower.

He passed ere manhood's morning touches noon,
While yet the shadows fall toward the west ;
Before he reached the stone which marks the highest
boon,
He wearied for a moment, and lay down to rest.

Down by the wayside laid he his burden great,
While yet in love with life and with the world,
Into that dreamless sleep, that sad estate,
He passed to dust with all his powers unfurled.

Yet, after all, it may be best to pass
While in the happiest, sunniest hour of life,
While eager winds sweep over rocks, alas !
To wreck the ship and swiftly end the strife.

For it is true, sail we on highest sea,
Or reach the breakers of the farther shore,
At last a wreck will mark both you and me,
And death and mystery will claim us evermore.

This tender man in every storm of life,
As rock or grounded oak, was firm and staid ;
He was a vine and flower in sunshine rife,
And on his forehead was the gold of morning laid.

He loved the beautiful in nature and in art,
And was by color, form and music moved to tears;
The poor and wronged impressed his tender heart,
He gave to justice all his passing years.

He worshipped right and was a foe to wrong,
He added to the sum of human joy,
He taught that gladness speeds the world along
And love and reason are not mere alloy.

For happiness he sought with soul sincere,
And were each one he helped, and each he gave
An alm, to bring a single blossom here,
A wilderness of flowers would hide his grave.

Life at its best is but a narrow vale
'Twixt peaks of two eternities, so cold and drear;
We cry aloud the endless heights to scale,
No answer comes the aching heart to cheer.

Hope in the night of death can see a star,
And list'ning love can hear the rustle of a wing;
Our loved departed has gone out afar,
Let us believe that death can comfort bring.

To those he loved we give his sacred dust,
Speech cannot our passionate love contain;
His deeds outlive the animated bust,
His gentle strength and manhood are our gain.

WRECK OF THE TITANIC

And thou, Atlantic, near Newfoundland's shore,
What woe for humankind hast thou in store?
From the sad wrecks that through the years are traced,
As graveyard thou art known in ocean's waste!
Though ships sail safely o'er the wildest sea,
Thy fogs bewilder when they pass on thee;
Thy storms rage high, and mighty breakers bound,
And icebergs frequently sink them aground.

The great Titanic, monarch of the sea—
A world of power, as she sailed on thee—
Her fires consumed their fuel with might and main,
Her sailors plied their art high speed to gain,
Her faithful officers relied on skill and steel,
Her passengers did no unsafety feel—
But on thy troubled face this ship, ahoy,
Was struck and sunk as if she were a toy.

At half past two, ere yet the cock had crowed,
Began to sink the ship with crew and load.
"Be British," said Captain Smith to all his crew,
"Heed well the rules, which all true men must do."
Then wireless messages were quickly sent
And danger rockets the still night-air rent.
Will help yet come, is succor near at hand?
Will only one-third live to reach the land?

Sixteen hundred souls were dying fast,
They knew their doom, there was no help at last—
The timid swooned and shrieked, the brave stood still,
And some leaped off to die with iron will—
But, when she sunk, a thousand shrieks were rushed
Above the sea and waves, but soon all hushed,
Except a straggling few who still hung on,
And then the ship and crew and all were gone!

What right has man to build a ship like this
And let the life-preserving be amiss?
What worth has life since it has come to pass
That ships speed rapidly where icebergs mass?
On board were stores of coin and gems and wealth,
Music and laughter, skill and rustic health,
But, oh! for the souls that went to their doom
In contest for life at their watery tomb!

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago
 Upon the continent was born
A nation new, as well we know,
 Which heralds forth the golden morn.
Conceived in liberty and right,
 This land is given to the free,
And all are equal, none by might
 Shall e'er debased or cowered be.

A civil war of mighty power
 Is testing now our country's strength,
The issues of this very hour
 May cause the nation's death at length.
We're met upon this battle-field
 A final resting place to give
To those who fought, and would not yield,
 That this, their nation, still might live.

We cannot consecrate this ground
 Since the brave men who struggled here,
With sabers bare, at cannon's mouth,
 Have hallowed it and made it dear;
The world will little note our needs
 Or long remember what we say,
But never can forget *their* deeds,
 As *they* fought nobly in the fray.

It is for us—those living now—
To be devoted to the cause,
To take a consecration vow,
And still the booming cannons' jaws;
The honored dead should give us cheer,
Should us inspire with hope and life,
Should banish every doubt and fear
And quicken us to win the strife.

Let us resolve that those who died
For us shall not have died in vain,
Let us be firm on freedom's side
And loyal to the cause remain;
We pray that this land, under God,
Of freedom shall have a new birth,
That liberty, won by the sword,
Shall not perish from the earth.

NIGHTFALL

Now is the warmth of early spring day
Has life a richly growth enjoyed;
Sinks down the sun beyond the still bay
And streamers shoot with gold alloyed.
Besides the nighthawk's stealthy flight,
No sound is heard, no form is near,
The human kind is out of sight
And all rest safely in their sphere.

Beyond the bay the Sabine flowing
In course quite sluggish through the lea,
Belated boats are homeward rowing
In currents moving from the sea.
And yonder on the billows surging
The ships come in from far and near,
With safety from the shoals emerging
Soon to rest safely in their sphere.

Far overhead are moving slowly
The waterfowls in cloud-like mass,
With leader surging onward boldly
As over plain and field they pass.
Returning from their winter quarters
In flight through high, thin atmosphere,
They seek the cooler northern waters
To rest at last within their sphere.

And you, my heart, may cease repining
When ship and bird have certain flight;
The mind that is their course inclining
Will likewise guide your steps aright.
How like the fowl in boundless sky
We long for rest when night is near!
Or breathe a prayer, or lisp a sigh
As we at last attain our sphere.

THE TEACHER-GIRL

The teacher-girl at institute,
Sedate and calm and real astute;
She dresses plain but quite in style,
She greets us with a winsome smile,
And tries to please us all the while,
This teacher-girl.

This teacher-girl, a help to youth,
A living guide to right and truth!
In duty's path she leads the way,
To hopeless dunce she brings dismay,
To studious mind gives greater sway,
This teacher-girl.

The teacher-girl, her social side
The city's boast, the hamlet's pride!
She entertains with game and song,
With music speeds the time along,
And swells the ever-listening throng,
This teacher-girl.

This teacher-girl, to us well known,
Has many a seed of learning sown!
Where barren soils were clothed in weeds,
Where thorns and thistles yielded seeds,
She cleared the way for culture's needs,
 This teacher-girl.

The teacher-girl, the teacher-girl,
Her ensign to the world unfurl!
Let wayward urchin imitate,
Let youthful student emulate,
And let the world grant her estate,
 This teacher-girl.

AT FATHER'S GRAVE

Peace, sweet, happy peace there be
At this place, where oft I tarried,
Where a noble man they buried,
And he was more to me.

Grasped he my hand in childhood
To steady step for certain stride,
As if the twig to bend and guide,
Little then I understood.

With precept and example true,
He taught my young life to abide
In paths that lean on virtue's side,
Greater firmness to imbue.

In manhood years, soon attained,
His fervent prayers were given
That I abide in hopes of heaven
And this precept remained.

Virtues he praised and failures chid,
At early morn and evening late,
And I never can reciprocate
What good for me he did.

Peace, sweet, happy peace there be
At this place, where oft I tarried,
Where a noble man they buried,
And he was more to me.



As if the twig to bend and guide.

WHEN WORKMEN ALL VOTE AS
THEY OUGHT

We're nearing the glorious dawn,
Of the times for which heroes have fought,
When the lines of truth shall be drawn,
And workmen all vote as they ought.

'Twill be a time in which justice shall reign,
When men cannot be frightened or bought,
And the people will loyal remain,
For workmen will vote as they ought.

All trusts and combines were enthroned
By votes that were cast without thought,
And they cannot be safely dethroned
Until workmen all vote as they ought.

Oppression and wrong shall not thrive,
With burdens our lives press to naught,
Or force youth from cottage to dive,
When workmen all vote as they ought.

The homes of the poor that are sad,
Where in vain the needful is sought,
Will be made both cheerful and glad,
When workmen all vote as they ought.

The baby will have clothes and toys,
For the housewife the useful be bought;
There'll be plenty for both girls and boys,
When workmen all vote as they ought.

Eight hours will be given to work,
Twice more for rest, study and thought;
There'll be few illiterates to lurk,
When workmen all vote as they ought.

Intemperance and vice will decrease,
Or their effects will be turned into naught;
Much of wickedness is expected to cease,
When workmen all vote as they ought.

The Eldorado of ages is near,
The millennium we long years have sought:
Equal justice to all, never fear,
When workmen all vote as they ought.

CORN IS KING

Hail to the golden corn,
Whose stalks our fields adorn,
 Hail it as king;
Plant it in fertile field,
No grain will richer yield,
Nor greater blessings wield,
 Its praises sing.

Corn is the best of food,
For man and beast is good,
 The nation's pride;
Let all the people know,
As seasons come and go,
How best this grain to grow
 And health betide.

Sweet is the tassel-bloom,
Sweeter than rare perfume,
 And richer still;
Soft are the yellow hair,
As they the pollen bear,
Down where the kernels are,
 Life to instill.

Rich is the yellow grain,
Nurtured by dew and rain,
 In summer time;
Soon will the reapers come,
Singing the harvest song,
Joyous the harvest home,
 In every clime.

We praise our God who gave
This plant our land to save
From famine dire;
Let heartfelt thanks abound,
Let hills and vales resound,
Let all the plains rebound,
To God aspire.

A THING OF BEAUTY

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"
So once a mighty poet wrote in rhyme,—
Let not my heart from things of beauty sever,
Nor let their lovely charms for me decline.

The wanderer from home may well remember,
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"
If his return be in fair spring or in September,
Things beautiful entail his best endeavor.

The mind that seeks for mental growth can never
Lose the lessons taught by graces three,—
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"
And charms the heart and sets the passions free.

Let age recall and let the youthful listen,
As I recount where beauty is a lever,
Let mankind with its sweet charms glisten,
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

NAPOLEON'S TOMB

The tomb of Napoleon, this wonderful tomb,
Where lie the remains of the soldier and king!
I paused at its side, I thought of his doom,
And pondered the honors that for aye to him cling!
These walls, finely decked with silver and gold,
With pearl and with marble enriched and adorned,
In their awful recesses fittingly hold
The ashes of him whom the nations have mourned.

My mind went to Corsica, where he as a boy
Learned gladly of men great in carnage and war,
But mastered few lessons that those would enjoy
Who tranquillity love and warfare abhor.
In mind, I saw him in Paris and France,
Where, tempted to suicide on the banks of the Seine,
He routed the mob with musket and lance,
And with keenest precision restored order again

I saw him in Italy, in command of the troops,—
With the tri-color, crossing the bridge at Lodi,—
And in Egypt, gaining ground with brave coups,—
Then conquering the Alps, grand, majestic and high;
I saw him mingle the eagles of France
With the eagles of crags in historical Rome,
And grasping the issues at Ulm at a glance,
His legions with might resistless swept on.

I saw him in Russia, invading the north,
But routed by snow and the cold winter-blast,
Then, at Leipsic defeated, and soon driven forth
And captured and banished to Elba at last ;
I saw him escape and from Elba return
And recapture the empire with genius great,
But Blücher and Wellington, as fierce fires burn,
At Waterloo ended his fortunes of state.

In mind, I could see him in prison and chains
At far-off Saint Helena, dreary and sad,
Gazing o'er ocean, through swift falling rains,
And drooping the brow that with might once was
clad ;
And I thought of the dutiful youth at life's start,
And the millions of soldiers whom proudly he led,
And the wife whom he coldly pushed from his heart,
And the tears that once for his glory were shed !

It grieved me to think of the orphans he made,
And the widows who mourned because of his might,
And the young and the aged cut down by the blade
As he battled for power in wrong and in right ;
And firmly I vowed that I would rather have been
The most humble peasant in simple estate,
And lived in a hut, in valley or glen,
Than a wrecker of lives like Napoleon the Great !

THE FALLS OF THE NIAGARA

My soul is awed in me
As I look up to thee
And see the waters pouring o'er thy brink;
In silence here I stand,
Nor move a foot nor hand,
As of thy grandeur solemnly I think!

When the flight of years began,
No stream in thy course ran,
For all the region was a boundless sea;
And as the land appeared,
And hills and vales were cleared
Of waters deep, thy place was marked for thee.

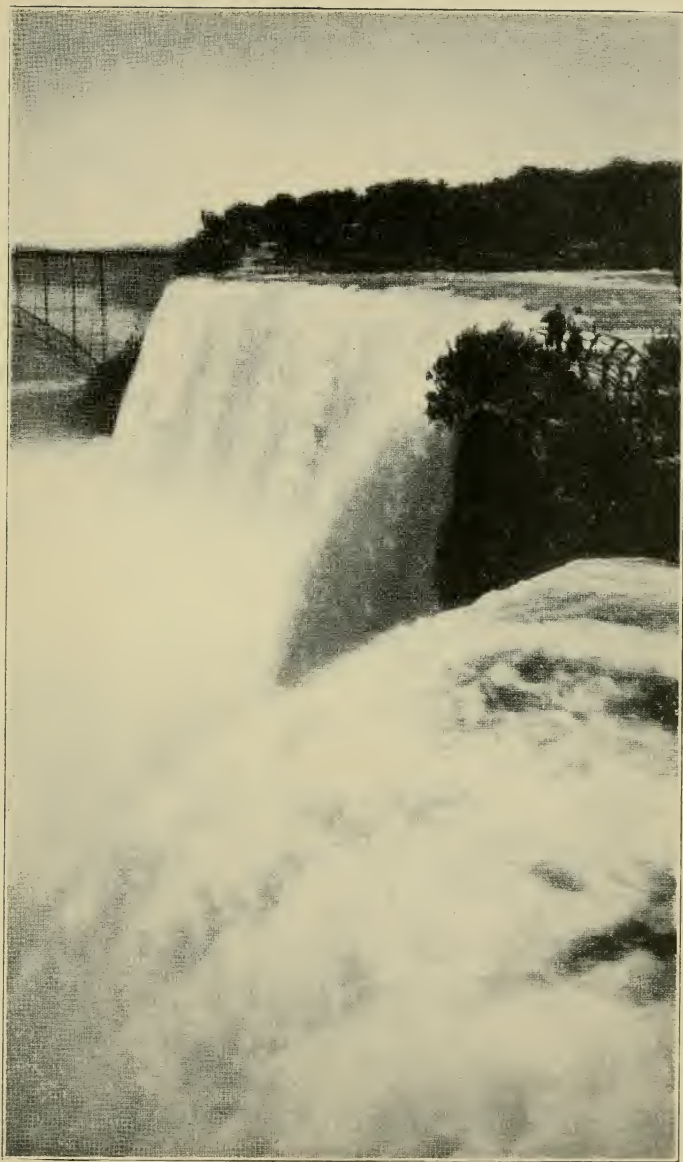
And thou wert not content
To leave thy course unbent,
Or pour thy waters ever at one place—
But broke the icy locks,
And cut away the rocks,
Thy brink with certain strides up-stream to trace.

Thy waters gently glide,
In vale, on mountain side,
As from the mists and silvery clouds they fall.
But wakened from their sleep,
As from thy rocks they leap,
O'er hills and woods peal forth a mighty call.

Deep echoes unto deep
As swift thy waters leap
And glide adown the channel to the bay;
A veil of mist is seen,
And as thy waters stream
They mark the flood of years in rock and clay.

Thy ever deafening roar
Causes the mind to soar
To Him who in a deluge plied the rod,
But in His sight thou art
A very meager part
And speak in simple tones of nature's God.





But wakened from their sleep,
As from thy rocks they leap,
O'er hills and woods peal forth a mighty call.

POEMS OF HUMOR

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

A Mr. Whiskly
Prospered briskly
As a tavern keeper ;
 He courted Mrs. Larry,
 Proposed to her to marry—
'Twould make his living cheaper.

Now, Mrs. Larry
Was a fairy
And had great wealth in store ;
 He said he loved her,
 She thought the smooth cur
Loved her great wealth much more.

But Mr. Whiskly
Spoke up briskly
In brave and certain tone :
 "Give 'way your money
 And be my honey
For I love you alone, alone."

She gave her all,
Both great and small,
To her only daughter May;
 And sly Mr. Whiskly
 Smiled bravely and briskly
And married the daughter that day.

Poor Mrs. Larry,
Though a fairy,
Said, "I cannot this vile cur forgive,"
 But she made up her mind
 That to kill was too kind
And so went with her daughter to live.

JIMMIE OWEN

Say, do you know Jimmie Owen—

The good old soul that walked our street
For many years, and argued politics,

And law, and everything, when'er he'd meet
You at the postoffice and in the stores,
And always have the crowd a-bursting into roars?

Well, he's the lad we miss each live-long day
And grieve and sigh because he is away.

'Tis true he'd sleep out in the pottery works

At night, away from every human life,
And bake his bread, and cook his meals

Without the help of man, or maid or wife;
But we have learned to know him to prize
The keenness of his gaze, his big and speckled eyes,
The company he has always been,
And long to have him walk our streets again.

Indeed, he seemed so natural on the street

With his long frock coat a-dangling on behind,
With wrinkles gathering on his bearded face,
His shoes unloosed and generally unshined;

Or while standing on the street car track
With his hands clasped firmly on his back

Talking 'bout his friends, Dolliver and Blaine,
And wondering if Pat would "get there" again.

The boys would come from school and smile
And listen to the stories that he told
With so much earnestness and zeal
That they never, never would grow old;
And the school girls would loiter on the way
A-listening to the witty things that he would say;
But now all seem so lonesome and forlorn
And grieve to think that Jimmie Owen's gone.

They say he's down below the Mason-Dixie line,
Far from the scenes around the grocery store,
Where we used to pin the tags upon his coat
And laugh and yell 'till our very sides were sore;
But, as we ponder o'er the bygone years,
There comes a mingling of smiles and tears—
We smile for pleasures we have known
And sadly weep that Jimmie Owen's gone.



And laugh and yell 'till our very sides were sore.

THE SPRINGTIME POET

When the sun soars high and higher, and the spring
is near at hand,
And the frost is disappearing to leave mud instead of
land;
When the poet writes of daisies, and the bard sings of
the sky,
It is then we wonder whether we would rather live
or die.

We can bear the chills of winter even in our cotton
socks,
We can brave the cold that pinches far into the heart
of rocks,
We can have our girl forsake us to court others bad
or worse,
But we draw a line on poets when they treat of spring
in verse.

If they'd only tell of roosters that go strutting on the
fence,
Or of boys that put off dresses and begin to wear
short pants,
Or of sprightly cats a-wailing in the barn of Uncle
Ben,
We could overlook their weakness and take lease on
life again.

If they'd be content to prattle of the grasses creeping
up,
Or the tin cans safely dangling from the tail of last
year's pup,
Or of sunshine being warmer than it was in winter
time,
It would be a burden lifted, it would save from
thoughts of crime.

We are prone to shoulder burdens and to venture
powerful things,
And to risk great undertakings where the mighty take
to wings;
We can brave the stormy weather, both in business and
in life,
But we flee from springtime poets when their vernal
songs are rife.

JUDGE AND THE EDITOR

A judge slept in an editor's bed
With neither a sob or a sigh;
As he awoke it passed through his head
That editors most easily lie.

And as he related this story next day,
For of stories he never would tire;
The editor smiled and calmly did say
That in this case the judge was the liar.

THE IRISH

Come all ye sons of Erin's shore,
All ye that want position,
Come listen to the song I sing
From story and tradition;
Come from the Shannon and the Foyle,
From lands high, low or mirish,
And harken while I tell you that
They're giving great things to the Irish.

CHORUS

Matt Reilly is an alderman,
McNerney is another,
Pat Menton represents his ward—
He's trusty as a brother;
O'Connell works the streets, heigh oh,
And Paton sweeps the hall, you know!

Let all the wearers of the green
Stand hand in hand together,
With those who would prefer the orange,
In fair and cloudy weather;
United, we'll control the town,
We'll grade streets low and mirish,
We'll change it to a Donnybrook
And make it a home for the Irish.

On Emerald Isle we taught John Bull
Many a wholesome lesson,
We left him sorely in need of police
And kept his leaders a guessing
How they'd meet the issue of Home Rule
In discussions long and firish,
Until they were forced to admit
The demand is just to the Irish.

We've been true to our American home
And fought on fields dark and gory,
We've stood by the flag in every fight
And carried it proudly to glory;
Such valorous deeds have greatly inspired
In lands high, low and mirish
That nations have been forced to admit
They should give just dues to the Irish.

BLIND TEACHER

When first my Johnnie went to school
To learn the Rule of Three;
(For this is the good old-time rule
Taught both to you and me)
He said "My teacher's really kind,
But she is absolutely blind."

"Why, Jack," said I, "this cannot be,
I know your teacher well;"
But he replied, "She cannot see,
The reason I will tell—
Today my hat was on my head,
She twice asked where it was," he said.

THOMPSON VERSUS THOMPSON

Twixt Thompson, the printer, and Thompson, the sage,
There arose a dispute long and daring:
One at the other would scoffingly rage,
Each one for himself declaring
That he most serves the nation,
In his vastly superior station.

Quoth Thompson, the printer, "My case is like this,"
His cyclopic eye greatly distending;
"The items I write are rarely amiss,
Though sometimes the truth they're bending,
And I give lengthy narrations,
Weekly, of myself and all my relations."

Replied Thompson, the sage, "All this palaver may do
To please Thompson, the printer, but I am aware
That those who dislike fruit are quite few
And in my philosophy I take a care
To treat of greens in season,
And for failure of fruit crops give reason.

Quoth Thompson, the printer, "Away with your greens,
And away with your fruit sour and wormy;
I dislike both your garden sass and your beans,
As neither is wholesome for me.
My printer's pen cannot be lowered,
But 'twill wax mightier e'en than the sword."

Replied Thompson, the sage, "Your items are stale,
And to read your lines I must labor,
And your columns are as a discordant tale,
And you gossip too much 'bout your neighbor;
All said, I am sure I'll reason of berries,
And philosophize of apples, peaches and cherries."

Twixt Thompson, the printer, and Thompson, the sage,
(The two are the same identical person),
This extended dispute none can safely assuage.
As long as quarrels each one is nursing;
So let them dispute 'bout printing and greens,
And berries and fruits and cadaveric beans.

THE DAYS OF PATRICK BRADY

When was the golden time in Boone,
In which youths shunned the beer saloon,
And all was bright as night in June?—
In the days of Patrick Brady.

When did policemen shovel snow,—
So all could over crossings go,—
Not merely wore their stars for show?—
In the days of Patrick Brady.

When did the chief not talk too much,
'Bout this and that, and such and such,
And how he'd like to catch and scutch?—
In the days of Patrick Brady.

When were the wayward brought to time,
The lawless caught or kept in line,
And the curfew warned before nine?—
In the days of Patrick Brady.

Who was it jumped upon his feet,
When Hornstein took the mayor's seat,
Or whistled out on Story street?—
Sure it was Patrick Brady.

Suppose we'd be without police,
Or have "a time" to keep the peace,
And lawlessness would fail to cease?—
We'd think of Patrick Brady.

And what if none would want the place,
(Though such may never be the case),
We'd hasten off with rapid pace—
 To call on Patrick Brady.

Would he consent to serve once more
As he did in the days of yore?—
Does he not hail from Erin's shore,
 This kind friend, Patrick Brady?

PAT O'CONNOR IN COURT

When Pat O'Connor, the Irish lad,
 His friend, Mahoney, bested,
With assault was promptly charged,
 And promptly was arrested.

When in the court the judge inquired
 If a trial he wanted,
Pat replied "Shure I'm contint,
 And for no thrial I've hunted."

"Are you guilty?" said the judge,
 "And what is your defense?"
Pat answered quick, "I cannot tell,
 Until I hear the evidence."

THE POLITICIAN'S SOLILOQUY

I'll admit it's true, I have a growing taste for office,
My friend, thou knowest well my latest wish,
My fondest hope, my great desire
Once more to wear the senatorial toga.
Long years ago, 'twas in the early '60's,
I grew my maiden taste for public office,
And shadows, clouds and darkness flitted over me
Until I secured a country postoffice,
Which I did hold for ten long years.

Alas, this first ambition was the fanning of a flame
That since has overwhelmed me as an avalanche;
Instead of satisfying appetite for publicity,
It did enkindle longings for more renown,
Until now I cannot be appeased.
Have I not been the guardian of the township's cash,
And of the school funds several times;
Did I not on the common council serve,
And of the school board be the president?
These and many more, far too numerous here to
mention,
Were but the consummation of my settled purpose
To have my name engraven everywhere.

In the '70's I had designs upon the law,
Designs to write them, or at least to see them made,
And I did all others defeat in the election,
To serve as member of the house.

It was a joyous moment of supreme delight,
When first I did within the state house take my seat,
Amid the stalwarts of the commonwealth.
But, alas, a something did me overcome,
A longing for the senate chamber and a foreign
mission,
Of which the former I did get, indeed,
And barely missed my aim upon the latter.

'Tis true I've farmed the farmers to my taste,
And hoarded wealth and fortune without measure,
But, to admit the truth, I make claim on greater things.
Already I am named a member of many boards,
And on committees great and small, but I want the
senatorial seat,
Perhaps the governorship, or the robes of a congress-
man,
And a foreign ministry to Europe.

Let my countrymen stand aside for me,
Let them abide so I can get my fill;
Such is required by the eternal fitness of things,
So my ambition may be gratified
And I shall tower in the annals of the state.
True, I have never made an argument or speech
That men have listened to and talked about,
But I have written speeches, or have had them written,
And I have read them to conventions
Of men who thought me great,
Yes, great enough to fill great places.
And now I smile secure in my existence,
And await the wreathes prepared to fit my brow.

MACHINE PARTY PLEDGES

We pledge ourselves through thick and thin,
With all our power and zeal devout,
To labor that our friends shall win,
And that all others be kept out.

We pledge to seek for place and pelf,
To get the bulk of public money,
And make the profit one of self,
Though idle drones take all the honey.

We pledge ourselves to no reform,
Nor offer means of ruling ill;
What matters how the people storm,
So long as we can get our fill?

We pledge to give at public cost,
Reward to those that furnish votes,
And care not how the mob is bossed
Or how our heelers turn their coats.

We pledge whenever right and might
On any vital point divide,
We'll keep our personal gain in sight,
And choose at once the strongest side.

We pledge as part of our creed,
That laws, and all of legislation,
Be planned to meet monopoly's need,
Both in the state and in the nation.

We pledge that tillers of the soil
Shall have no friends where friends are needed,
And that the wants of those who toil
Shall be heard but never heeded.

Such are the pledges we propose,
In secret to our medley crowd;
There're many ways of buying those
Who listen to pretensions loud.

So here's the motto we'll maintain,
And offer now for contemplation;
"We'll strive alone for selfish gain;
We'll buy the state and rule the nation."



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